

The Critic

J. L. & J. B. GILDER, EDITORS.

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Authors at Home.* VI.

GEORGE BANCROFT AT WASHINGTON. †

MR. BANCROFT, the historian, is 'at home' beneath every roof-tree, beside every fireside, where books are household gods. Mr. Bancroft, the octogenarian, who came into the world hand in hand with the Nineteenth Century, is especially at home at the Capital of the country whose history has been to him a labor of love and the absorbing occupation of a lifetime. For although his career has been one of active participation in public affairs, his pursuits have run parallel with his literary work. He was contributing to the making of one period of United States history while his pen was engaged in writing of other periods. If self-gratulation is ever permitted to authors, Mr. Bancroft must have more than once exclaimed 'The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places!' as he availed himself of opportunities which only an ambassador could secure and a scholar improve.

It is the prose-Homer of our Republic whom it is my privilege to present to the readers of THE CRITIC. Picture to yourself a venerable man, of medium height, slender figure, erect bearing; with lofty brow thinned, but not stripped, of its silvery locks; a full, snowy beard adding to his patriarchal appearance; bluish gray eyes, which neither use nor time has deprived of brightness; a large nose of Roman type, such as I have somewhere read or heard the first Napoleon regarded as the sign of latent force; 'small white hands,' which Ali Pasha assured Byron were the marks by which he recognized the poet to be 'a man of birth';—let your imagination combine these details, and you have a sketch for the historian's portrait. The frame is a medium-sized room of good, high pitch. In the centre is a rectangular table covered with books, pamphlets and other indications of a literary life. Shelving reaches to the ceiling, and every fraction of space is occupied by volumes of all sizes, from folio to duodecimo; a door on the left opens into a room which is also full to overflowing with the valuable collections of a lifetime; and further on is yet another apartment equally crowded with the historian's dumb servants, companions, and friends; while rooms and nooks elsewhere have yielded to Literature's rights of squatter sovereignty. In the Republic of Letters, all books are citizens, and one is as good as another in the eyes of the maid-servant who kindles the breakfast-room fire, save perhaps the vellum Plautus or illuminated missal. But men are known not only by the society they keep but by the books which surround them. Just as there are 'books which are no books,' so are there libraries which are no libraries. But a library selected by a scholar who has been a book-hunter in European fields, who has spared neither time, money,

labor nor any available agency in his collection, must be rich in literary treasures, particularly those bearing upon his specialty; and such is Mr. Bancroft's library. The facilities which personal popularity, the fraternal spirit of literary men, and the courtesy of official relations afford, were employed by Mr. Bancroft when ambassador in procuring authentic copies of invaluable writings and state-papers bearing immediately or remotely on the history of the American Colonies and Republic. To these facilities, and his own indefatigable industry and perseverance, is due the priceless collection of manuscripts which, copied in a large and legible hand-writing, well-bound and systematically classified, adorn his shelves. Of the printed volumes, not the least precious is a copy of 'Don Juan,' presented to him with the author's compliments, sixty-three years ago.

Mr. Bancroft's home is a commodious double house, with brown-stone front, plain and solid-looking, which was, before the War, the winter residence of a wealthy Maryland family. Diagonally opposite, at the corner of the intersecting streets, is the 'Decatur House,' whither the gallant sailor was borne after his duel with Commodore Barron, and where he died after lingering in agony. Within a stone's throw is the White House; and I would say that the historian lived in the centre of Washington's Belgravia, had not the British Minister's residence, with an attraction stronger than centripetal, drawn around it a social colony whose claims have to be at least debated before judgment is pronounced. In front of Mr. Bancroft's house is a small court-yard in which, in spring-time, beds of hyacinths blooming in sweet and close communion show his love of flowers. When conversing with the historian, it is impossible to ignore the retrospect of a life so full of interest, for imagination persists in picturing the boyish graduate of Harvard; the ambitious young student at Gottingen and Berlin; the inquisitive and ever-acquiring traveller; the pupil returned to the bosom of his Alma Mater and promoted to a Fellowship with her Faculty—preacher, teacher, poet and translator, before his calling and election as his country's historian was sure; his entrance into the arena of politics and rapid advance to the line of leadership; his membership in Mr. Polk's Cabinet; his subsequent Mission to England; his much later Mission to Berlin, where he succeeded in obtaining from Bismarck a recognition of the 'American doctrine' that naturalization is expatriation, and negotiated a treaty which has endeared him to the German-American heart, since the Fatherland may now be visited without the risk of compulsory service in the army.

When he first went abroad, an American was an object of curiosity to Europeans, and we may compare his reception among German scholars to that of Burns by the metaphysicians, philosophers and social leaders of Edinburgh—first surprise, and then fraternal welcome. Two years were spent at Gottingen, and half a year at Berlin. During this period he was the pupil and companion of the great philologist Wolf, of whom Ticknor's delightful Memoirs contain such an entertaining account; he studied under Schlosser, who so frequently appears in the pages of Crabb Robinson's Memoirs; he was a favorite with Heeren, whose indorsement of his history was the *imprimatur* of a literary Pope. In his subsequent wanderings through France, Switzerland and over the Alps into Italy, he experienced the friendly offices of men distinguished in literature, famous in history, and foremost in politics. Some time was spent in Paris. With Lafayette intimate relations were established, so much so, that the champion of republican principles enlisted the young and sympathetic American in his too sanguine schemes. Manuscript addresses were entrusted to Mr. Bancroft to be published and disseminated at certain places along his Italian journey. But the youthful lieutenant soon saw the impracticability of the veteran's hopes and plans.

It is a novel sensation to converse with one who has survived so many famous men of many lands with whom he came in contact; one who discussed Byron with Goethe at

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Weimar, and Goethe with Byron at Monte Nero; who, nearly seventy years ago, went to Washington and dined at the White House with the younger Adams; who has since mingled with the successive generations of American statesmen; has witnessed the death of one great political party, and the birth of another, but has himself clung with conservative consistency to the principles he espoused in early manhood. Yet neither his years nor his tastes exile him from the present enjoyment of a congenial element of society at the Capital. But his circle rarely touches the circumference which surrounds the gay and ultra-fashionable coteries of a Washington season. Mr. Bancroft has a warm sympathy for youth and childhood, and takes pleasure in the occasions that bring them around him. His habits are those of one who early appreciated the fact that time is the most reliable and available tool of the worker. It is, and for years has been, his custom to rise to his labors at five o'clock. After a noon-luncheon, he takes the exercise which contributes so much to his physical and intellectual activity. He covers considerable distances daily on foot or horseback, for he is both pedestrian and rider of the English type; or, if the weather does not favor these methods of laying in a supply of oxygen, he may be seen reclining in a roomy two-horse phaeton.

Two generations intervene between the youthful visitor at the Capital and the venerable statesman and historian who now, beneath his own vine and fig-tree, 'crowns a youth of labor with an age of ease.' Yet the preacher, teacher, poet, essayist, translator, philologist, linguist, statesman, diplomat, historian, pursues with tempered ardor his literary avocations. Readers of *The North American Review* have just had the pleasure of perusing his valuable paper on Holmes's 'Emerson.' He is at present engaged on an article on the Legal Tender Acts and Decisions, and contemplates a contribution to Shakespearean literature. But nothing has been allowed to interfere with the revision of his *opus major*, the History of the United States, the sixth and last volume of the new edition of which is issued by the Appletons this week.

As an octogenarian is not, strictly speaking, a contemporary, I venture to enter the realm of biography, and refer to what renders Mr. Bancroft the most interesting of American authors. His translation from the path of pedagogy, from the dream-land of poetry, from the atmosphere of theology, to the arena of party strife and the novelty of official life, was a transition from extreme to extreme. Yet he brought with him into his new fields the best fruits of his experience in the old. He did not inflame the passions of the masses at the hustings, but instructed their judgment. When he assumed the office of Collector of the Port of Boston, he exhibited a capacity for business which would have silenced the modern Senator who not only characterized scholars as 'them literary fellers,' but prefixed an adjective which may not be mentioned to ears polite. How many Cabinet officers are remembered for any permanent reform or progressive movement they have accomplished or initiated? But to Mr. Bancroft the country owes the establishment of the Naval School at Annapolis; and science is indebted to his fostering care for the contributory usefulness of the National Observatory, which languished until he took the Naval Portfolio. When at the Court of St. James he negotiated America's first postal treaty with Great Britain; while allusion has been made to the important service rendered at the German capital. In politics Mr. Bancroft is, and has always been, a Democrat. He was one of those who angered fanatics by their love for the Constitution and enraged secessionists by their devotion to the Union,—who labored to avert the War, but whom the first gun fired at Fort Sumter rallied to the support of Mr. Lincoln. And when the last great eulogy of the martyred President was to be pronounced, Mr. Bancroft was chosen to deliver it. In the recent local demonstration of the successful party, the route of the procession passed his house, which was illuminated, and when he was

recognized, the vast crowd tendered him an enthusiastic greeting.

On the approach of summer, Mr. Bancroft leads the exodus which leaves the Capital a deserted village. July finds him domiciled at Newport, in an old, roomy house, which faces Bellevue Avenue, and is surrounded by venerable trees beneath whose wide-spreading shade the visitor drives to the historian's summer home. The view of the ocean is one of the accidental charms of the spot, but the historian's own hand has dedicated an extensive plot to a garden of roses—the flower which is nearest to his heart. At Newport he leads a life similar to that at Washington. He sees the sun rise above the sea, he devotes a portion of his time to literary pursuits, and enters into the social life of the place, without taking part in its gayeties. In October he strikes his tent and returns to his other home in time to enjoy the beauties of our Indian summer.

B. G. LOVEJOY.

Reviews

"George Eliot's Life."*

THE appearance of Mr. Cross's life of George Eliot marks an epoch in literary history. To read it is a liberal education, and the writers of the coming generation, who will not easily be persuaded to give their days and nights to the study of Addison, will do well to keep by them and to read each day a few pages of the novels and as many pages as possible of the 'Life.' Not that it is a liberal education in the sense of giving deep, philosophic views of life, in opening intellectual vistas through which we gain delightful vision of new springs for thought, new fields for investigation, new insight into men and women; nor that by homily, opinion, or eloquent appeal, it fills us with aspiration to greater intellectual effort, or stimulates us to nobler moral striving. You do not lay it down eager to be a Saint Teresa, or determined to be a George Eliot; you lay it down suddenly conscious what a wonderful thing it is to be just what you are, placed just as you are. It is a liberal education in the best sense of 'liberal': not the broadening of one's nature in any one definite direction, but the lifting of one's whole nature to a higher level, from which one gains, not merely new things, but new aspects of things. It will be long before any ignoble thought will have courage to knock where George Eliot has entered; long before any careless word that could hurt will escape the portal that George Eliot has closed.

It is worth while to dwell on this before analyzing the keen intellectual pleasure of the book; first, because it is remarkable that the strongest impression made by the life of one of the greatest of women should be moral rather than intellectual; secondly, because the feeling which the book leaves is the key-note to George Eliot's life, the secret of her fame, the guarantee of her literary immortality. If her ideal of life could be condensed into a single word, the one that would undoubtedly come nearest to expressing it would be 'Tenderness.' To a great extent, this was already evident in her work. But now the story of her life, as told unconsciously by herself in her letters and journals, reveals her with ten-fold earnestness holding fast to her belief that 'the only worthy end of all learning, of all science—of all life, in fact—is, that human beings should love one another better.' To pass from this to the intellectual pleasure that the book gives, is to try to analyze a most elusive though deep sensation. Nothing could be keener than the pleasure, but it is hard to explain why it is so keen. He will be disappointed who takes up the book hoping to find in it at last George Eliot's opinions upon everything,—what was really the religion and theology of the woman who wrote with such wonderful sympathy of Jews and Methodists, of Catholics and Churchmen, but who was said to have no religious creed

* George Eliot's Life, as Related in her Letters and Journals. Arranged and edited by her husband, J. W. Cross. With illustrations. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers.

herself,—what she thought of Mrs. Oliphant and of Henry James,—and how she felt about the question of woman suffrage. George Eliot had no 'opinions.'

So far as she gives any expression to her feeling on 'the woman question,' it is evident that she had not been 'roused' to any great extent, though her lack of sympathy with the ultra-reformers is hardly shown more decidedly than in some such keen remark as when she saw one of Rosa Bonheur's pictures: 'That is the way women should assert their rights!' It is hardly necessary to add that she sympathized with woman's higher education; but it was only after very seriously weighing the question whether colleges for women would not possibly weaken what she held of such great importance: the bonds of family affection and family duties, the 'opportunities of lovingness' which to herself were dearer than opportunities of culture. One comes no closer to her theological creed, although perhaps the feeling of her reverence and religiousness is deepened; she feels every day 'a greater disinclination for theories and arguments about the origin of things in the presence of all this mystery, and beauty, and pain, and ugliness, that floods one with conflicting emotions.' Certainly it is as hard to feel from the record of her life that she was in any sense a radical, as it has been to feel from her work that she was in any sense a person with a creed. Perhaps the nearest approach to expression of her religious feeling is the following: 'Pray, don't ever ask me again not to rob a man of his religious belief, as if you thought my mind tended to such robbery. I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no faith, to have any negative propagandism in me. In fact, I have very little sympathy with Freethinkers as a class, and have lost all interest in mere antagonism to religious doctrines. I care only to know, if possible, the lasting meaning that lies in all religious doctrine from the beginning till now.' Of literary criticism, there is almost absolutely nothing in the book. The brief, but pretty, analysis of the charm of Mrs. Gaskell's 'Ruth'—interesting not only as a criticism of Mrs. Gaskell, but as being, if reversed, the best possible criticism on the success of George Eliot's own work—is almost the only comment upon books. Nor can one gain from the names of the books she read any clew to her personal convictions or tastes.

If it is wonderful that without rousing in us great aspirations the book leaves upon us so profound a moral impression of the dignity and beauty of life and of living worthily, it is equally wonderful, from the intellectual point of view, that without giving us any wider outlook upon men and affairs—narrowing, indeed, our outlook to a single personality—no biography or autobiography that has ever appeared has been so singularly, absolutely free from the faintest trace of egotism. The book is a literary history of George Eliot's work; but because her work was a religion to her, her absorption in it never seems a lack of sympathy with the outside world which she so perfectly understood and valued, while she held herself aloof from it. If it seems remarkable that beyond all question the most prominent trait in the temperament of this intellectually strongest of women was her capacity and craving for tenderness, equally remarkable, on her intellectual side, was the self-distrust which no amount of success or fame ever was able to dissipate.

The feeling for her own work is expressed rarely, though happily the beginning of her literary career is traced so fully, and with such charm, that it is pleasant to feel that, being from her own pen, it is reliable. Once in a while there is a bit of intense personal interest in her characters, which is so delicious as to make us long for more; as when Bulwer calls and objects to the dialect in 'Adam Bede,' and to Adam's marriage with Dinah: 'but of course I would have my eye-teeth drawn rather than give up either;' or when she tells us she has spent the morning in 'killing Tito with great excitement;' or when she gives this bit of neat

analysis: 'For example, pray notice how one critic attributes to me a disdain for Tom; as if it were not *my* respect for Tom which infused itself into my reader; as if he could have respected Tom if I had not painted him with respect.' That there is not a word of bitterness in the book is even a nobler tribute to George Eliot than all the intellectual charm or moral loftiness of its pages. Finally, though she who cared so much for tenderness has gone beyond our tenderness, let us lay this flower on her grave—assuredly the flower she most would care for: that we carry from the lesson of her life and of her work an abiding consciousness that the end of all life and effort is 'that human beings should love one another better.'

The Future Religion.*

It requires a good deal of daring or presumption to speculate about the future religion of the world. It is safe enough to say that that religion will be Christianity, but in what form it will be, who can tell? It is safe enough thus to predict, because Christianity is undoubtedly the most rational of all religions, and because it is making a far more rapid progress than any other. It is extending itself in all directions, penetrating every country and savage tribe, having its influence in every government, and controlling all the commerce of the world. It is likely to become the world-religion because it has an adaptability to peoples and circumstances, and new forms of thought, such as no other religion can boast of. Mohammedanism has much of the missionary spirit, but it has little flexibility; and Buddhism has never extended beyond eastern Asia and semi-civilized races. It is probable, however, that Christianity will do in the future what it has done in the past—take up into itself something of the thoughts, social customs and religious rites of the peoples it conquers, thereby better adapting itself to their needs. This we see being done to-day in India in the case of the Brahmo Somaj, just as it was done in Germany a thousand years ago.

An analysis of the historic contents of religion in conjunction with an analysis of human nature as to its religious needs would give something—if fairly and modestly conducted—toward an understanding of what the religion of the future may be. This is not the method of procedure followed by Mr. Lloyd Stanley in his study of the future religion. In fact, he attempts little more than analysis of the Bible and its teachings in a very rationalistic manner, dealing freely with its contents, and coming to such conclusions as suit his ideas. He concludes that Christianity, without the supernatural and without creeds, will be the world's future religion. He thinks the pure and simple teachings of Jesus, stripped of their theological implications, will be the substance of it. This conclusion he arrives at after an extended survey of the character of religion in the past, a study of the unity of life as proclaimed by science, an analysis of the Old and the New Testaments, and a discussion of the life and teachings of Jesus. He makes a readable book, and one that has some merit in various ways; but there is that about it which leaves the impression of want of balance and true discernment. The author spells all the Bible names in a new way. Moses becomes Moshai, and Jesus Yaishooa. Other similar departures from customary usage do not improve the readability of the book or add to our estimate of the author's scholarship. His extreme rationalism is not likely to commend the book to scholars. He says Mary was an inn-keeper or vintner after the death of her husband, and that this explains the miracle of the water and wine, Jesus and his mother on this occasion being the caterers to provide the feast. This guess is as good as any other where all such guesses are worthless. A book which deals in them so freely as this does loses greatly in value as the result.

* An Outline of the Future Religion of the World. With a Consideration of the Facts and Doctrines on Which it Will Probably be Based. By T. Lloyd Stanley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Great Surgeon's Life-Story.*

THERE is something very touching and extremely attractive in the naïve and interesting 'Story of My Life' which Dr. Sims left behind him—a posthumous letter dropped in the post-office after the departure of an honored guest. The story is told with such enthusiasm and simplicity that one cannot help falling in love with a most lovable character, and feeling a profound interest in the career of a man who—once an obscure Southerner—made discoveries in surgery which rendered his name as familiar in Europe as in his own country, and relieved the miseries of the most miserable class of women from an affliction which up to his time had been incurable. Though in some autobiographies the perpetual I is like the vapor that shoots out of the giant's bottle and mounts to heaven, irrepressible and overshadowing, in Dr. Sims's case it is not such a Colossus of Rhodes; and we readily forgive its recurrence in view of the enormous benefactions to humanity of which he speaks, and in which he was a chief instrumentality. Before his time gynecology, in its delicate and scientific aspects, was in its infancy—largely guess-work, full of 'incurable' things, complications that eluded research or relief, and difficulties unresolved for lack of knowledge. It was a big word hiding a world of ignorance. The story of Dr. Sims's explorations and discoveries, led on as he was, step by step, by apparent accident—though, as he believed, by providential suggestion,—is as exciting as a romance and infinitely more satisfactory. And none the less so because at first he loathed the very province in which, afterward, he became so celebrated, and was often on the point of abandoning his profession from indifference or from pure disgust. He possessed, however, a brilliant and unerring touch as a surgeon, a clear eye, a steady hand, and an ingenious brain, and in his brighter moments he was impelled irresistibly to go on; and on he went, till he succeeded in establishing the great Woman's Hospital in New York, and became, on his removal to France during our Civil War, physician to the Duchess of Hamilton and the Empress Eugénie, member of the Legion of Honor, etc. His invention of the silver suture as a substitute for silk thread in a certain class of internal diseases was a mere accident, and he even lived to see it, together with many of his instruments, claimed by an impostor. Interesting and romantic as Dr. Sims's book is, it is too plain-spoken for general reading or for literary clubs. It reveals a fresh and vivid personality; but it reveals a good many other things besides.

Incidentally, in a passage of some value, Dr. Sims confirms the existence of large stores of folklore in the South:

A great hit has been made by Mr. Harris, of Atlanta, Georgia, in regard to the folklore of the Africans, in conversations with 'Uncle Remus.' He gives the story of 'Brer Rabbit,' 'Brer Fox,' and other quadruped animals. When I was seven or eight years old, a negro by the name of Cudjo used to come every Saturday night to my father's house and tell these African negro stories, about the rabbit and the wolf, etc. He was about four feet high, remarkably well built, and his face was beautiful, but horribly tattooed, just as it appears to us, symmetrically done [*sic*]. He said he was captured and brought to this country when he was a boy. He was a prince in his own country, and would have risen to become a king or ruler of the nation or tribe, if he had remained at home there. It has been questioned by some whence came these stories of negro folklore. From what I remember of this negro Cudjo, I am satisfied that he brought his stories from Africa, and that a few negroes like himself laid the foundation among the negroes native to this country of the lore that has lately attracted such attention. This man told wonderful stories—ghost stories—and would eat fire, and knock himself with a stick on the head when he was telling them. I remember how anxiously I looked for him every Saturday night to tell stories that were really poisoning to my mind, and infusing into it and my nature a sense of fear which should not have been cultivated in children. We regularly saved up our little sixpences and gave him all our money for his evening's entertainment.

* The Story of My Life. By the late J. Marion Sims, M.D. Edited by his son, H. Marion Sims, M.D. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a most interesting glimpse of a negro rhapsode, telling his stories from house to house for gain. 'Uncle Remus' has 'caught the manners living as they rise,' and transformed them into our Tale of Troy for us.

Half a Score of Rhymers.

Habent sua fata libelli, and if anywhere beneath the stars a place of torment for books is prepared, most of the so-called 'poetical works' which lie upon our table are certainly doomed to endure the sharpest of purgatorial pains. One rises from their perusal a confirmed pessimist; civilization seems a mockery, culture a myth. The insincerity and bad taste, the vanity and ignorance of some of these people, impress one like a picture of Hogarth's or Cruikshank's, as a veritable revelation of the imbecility and grotesqueness of ill-trained natures. Fortunately, however, there are degrees even here, and it is possible to ascend little by little almost to the level of ordinary intelligence.

Mrs. Mary Hunt McCaleb, of Texas, (1) pays the obituary poet of the Philadelphia *Ledger* the compliment of persistent imitation, even to the reproduction of his well-known elegiac measure. 'Fluted ruffles' and other articles of dress play an important part in the mechanism of these poems, the monotony of which is occasionally relieved by a newspaper-carrier's 'Address,' or a chaste erotic. Names and residences are everywhere given in full, and the volume closes with a rhymed apology for the brevity of the author's widowhood, addressed to the shade of her former husband. Mr. Stokely S. Fisher, V. D. M., (2) who is still in his teens, shares the same morbid taste, and strews many a bier with his flowers of rhyme. Verses to 'Turie,' 'Callie,' 'Trueline,' and other belles of the schoolroom, contrast strangely with orthodox hymns, duly classified as 'L. M.' and 'C. M.' Both in the West and South the vogue of the 'Only' poems seems to continue, judging from these two volumes. The author has prefixed his portrait to the work, in anticipation of the popular demand. The same course has been followed by the Rev. J. Hazard Hartzell (3), whose flowing hair and clerical robes prepare us for the didactic tone and pulpit rhythm of his verses. Our space will only permit of one quotation:

When care and toil were banished from the breast,
Sleep dreamed and smiled upon the pillow-case.

No quotation can do justice to the style of Mr. Jones (4), who sings of crusaders and hapless maidens with a sweetness that we fear will prove cloying to the taste of a degenerate age. One no longer regrets that Keats did not live to complete his 'Ode to Maia,' since Mr. George Macdonald Major (5) has given to the world a poem similarly entitled, beginning:

Thine altars are o'erthrown, celestial Maia!
Thy priestesses are dead or fled away; ah!

'A Song of the Isle of Cuba' (6) is a vulgar and silly production, couched in the style of the newspaper humorists, and addressed apparently to an audience of 'drummers.' The author excuses himself for employing the measure of 'Hiawatha.' The apology, however, is unnecessary. Longfellow could at least distinguish an iambus from a trochee. 'Estelle' (7) comes prefaced by a letter from President Porter, of Yale, in which he describes the poem as 'a very lovely idyl, sweet in its spirit, lovely in its pictures, and admirably felicitous in its diction.' We bow to President Porter's authority, and refrain from criticism of our own. But a quotation or two will serve as commentary:

1. Poems. By Mary Hunt McCaleb. New York: Putnam.
2. Poems. By Stokely S. Fisher, V. D. M. Columbus, O.: D. G. L. Manchester.
3. Wanderings on Parnassus: Poems. By J. Hazard Hartzell. New York: Whitaker.
4. Euphrasia and A certa: Poetic Romances. By John Ap Thomas Jones. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
5. The Peril of the Republic, and other Poems. By George Macdonald Major. New York: Putnam.
6. A Song of the Isle of Cuba. By Joseph A. Nunez. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
7. Estelle, and other Poems. By Marcus Blakey Allmond, A.M. Second Edition. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co.

And oh! those cheeks, I know a rose
Has stolen from its parent stem,
And left the track of tiny toes
In dimples upon each of them.]

* * * * *
But oh! when woman's love is God's;
And sweetened by that higher good,
Its influence reaches many rods,
And consecrates a neighborhood.

'Katie' (8) is dated 1884, and no reference is made on the title-page to the existence of a prior edition. The copyright notice, however, bears the date of 1872. The verse is passable, but the texture of the poem is of the thinnest. Some of Mr. Scollard's 'Pictures in Song' (9) are pretty enough, in spite of a great waste of adjectives. But when he attempts to wrestle with the mediæval forms of verse, such as the rondeau, the rondel, the chant-royal, his success is not conspicuous. There is a certain promise in Mr. Robertson's 'Rhymes' (10), but they are marred as yet by the crudity which characterizes all early poetical work. We seem to recognize in him a spark of the divine glow, but it is only a doubtful and flickering glimmer.

'Some "Women of the Day."'

THIS is a very convenient little volume, about one quarter the size of 'Men of the Time,' which is a sad reflection on the number of 'notable contemporaries' among the gentler sex. It has been the endeavor of the compiler to 'present, in a concise form, a series of biographies of the notable living women of all lands.' For 'greater accuracy, application has been made, as far as practicable, to the subjects of these sketches, or to their intimate friends'—a gratuitous statement to any one who reads the 'sketches.' The amount of space given to each lady does not seem to be regulated by her prominence in the world of art or letters, but rather by the amount of material concerning her submitted to the compiler of the book. For example, one column is given to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and two to Mrs. Gustafson; one to Christine Nilsson, and over two to Minnie Hauk; more than a column to Miss Emma Thursby—who, we are told, is 'unrivalled' as a concert singer—and nothing to Annie Louise Cary, Emma Abbott or Materna. There are other serious omissions in the book. We note some of them, as follows: Kate Greenaway, Kate Field, Ida Lewis, Mrs. H. W. Beecher, Mary Hallock Foote, Edith M. Thomas, Lucy Mitchell, Helen Jackson ('H. H.'), Mrs. Clark (author of 'Baby Rue'), Emma Lazarus, Lucy C. Lillie, Blanche Willis Howard, Mme. Essipoff, Mme. Scalchi and Mme. Tremelli. These omissions, however, can readily be made good in another edition. If this precaution is adopted, and the editorial blue pencil run through the gush that surcharges some of the sketches, the compilation will be a very creditable one. As it is, it is not without value.

The Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia. †

THE third and concluding volume of Dr. Schaff's Encyclopædia (for in its present form it is really much more his than Herzog's) has been for some time before the public. It is marked by the same excellent qualities which were exhibited by its predecessors. Foremost among these we must name the full bibliographies appended to all important articles; further, the endeavor to make the work representative of all classes of opinion, by including articles on the same, or related topics, from different hands—e.g., on the Pentateuch, by H. L. Strack, of Berlin, and Wm. Henry Green, of Princeton, etc.,—and the aim at relative completeness in the number of topics discussed. Among the important essays which

have been added to those adapted from the German edition of Herzog, and which make up perhaps half of the volume, may be named Prof. W. S. Tyler's 'Platonism and Christianity'; several articles on Presbyterian Churches, by representatives of the different bodies described; one on Presbyterianism, by the late Dr. Hatfield; 'Punishment,' by Prof. F. L. Patton, 'Sunday-Schools,' by E. W. Rice, 'Syria and Missions to Syria,' by Dr. H. H. Jessup; 'Syriac Literature,' by Dr. Isaac H. Hall; 'Temperance,' by Prof. W. J. Beecher, sketches of the leading 'Theological Seminaries' of the country, by various hands; 'Tischendorf,' by Dr. Caspar René Gregory; 'University in America,' by President D. C. Gilman; 'Utilitarianism,' by Prof. R. Flint; 'Wiclif,' by Samuel M. Jackson, etc. A number of maps may be found at the end of the volume, which is supplied with ample indexes and a pronouncing vocabulary. In point of accuracy, this Encyclopædia compares favorably with the popular encyclopædias of the day, whether general or religious; in point of fulness, it surpasses any other religious one with which we are acquainted. Those who begin to use it are likely to return to it again and again.

Pseudo-Scientific Physiognomy.*

THOSE persons whose literary appetite for pseudo-scientific food is like that of a greedy and unwise child at a hotel table, will find a rare treat in the perusal of a most extraordinary book upon physiognomy, which has been given to the hungry public by the industrious publisher, in Broadway, whose show-windows are resplendent with plaster casts and other monstrosities. The 'Comparative Physiognomy' of Dr. Redfield is an *olla podrida* of many things from Lavater, De la Chambre, and a variety of French writers. The well-worn conceit of tracing a likeness between certain human faces and those of animals is indulged in to a most amusing extent, and seems to be the object of the work, every chance peculiarity of expression being seized upon, and often quite without reason. The author's psychology is—to say the least—original, and his selection and use of technical terms will astonish and dismay any person unfamiliar with this sort of trash. Physiognomical study has always possessed a charm for the curious, and it is no wonder that books upon this subject have found so many readers, among those persons who are ready to accept spurious scientific theories, or build up theories which suit their own cases. It is related by the elder Disraeli—who refers to the 'Pièces intéressantes et peu connues' of De la Place—that Louis XIV. was so completely absorbed in the study of this subject, that it amounted almost to a monomania with him; that under the influence of his favorite physician, De la Chambre, he entered into a secret correspondence with certain persons to confirm the critical notion of his medical adviser; and that he was entirely controlled in his selection of officers and favorites by his art. James I. was another monarch who seemed to place the greatest reliance upon his power of physiognomical observation. It is a curious fact that no really scientific work upon physiognomy has yet appeared.

Minor Notices.

If the present generation does not know as much about the personal appearance, habits of thought and ways of living of the authors of recently past generations, as it does of its contemporaries, it will not be for want of entertaining memoirs, biographies, and volumes of reminiscence, in which these matters are set forth. The Messrs. Scribner have done much to gratify the taste for this sort of literature; and their new series of compilations—'Personal Traits of British Authors,' in four volumes, two of which have just appeared—gives us a body of well selected excerpts from almost all the sources that throw light upon the character of the most popular English authors of the last seventy years.

8. Katie. By Henry Timrod. New York: E. J. Hale & Son.

9. Pictures in Song. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Putnam.

10. Rhymes. By Donald Robertson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Women of the Day. A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Contemporaries. By Frances Hayes. \$1.50. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

† A Religious Encyclopædia. Based on the Real-Encyclopædie of Herzog, Plitt and Hauck. Edited by Philip Schaff. Associate Editors: Rev. Samuel M. Jackson, M.A., and Rev. D. S. Schaff. Vol. III. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

* Redfield's Comparative Physiognomy; or, Resemblances Between Man and Animals. By James W. Redfield, M.D. Illustrated with 330 engravings. \$2.50. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

These volumes are not connected in any way, and may be picked up at random and read at odd moments without reference to what follows or precedes. They are made up of paragraphs put together without any connecting thread save the subject to which they refer. The editor—Mr. Edward T. Mason—has done his work with skill and painstaking care, and it was not as easy a one as it looks to be. Now let some one do as well by American authors. There is plenty of material for at least two interesting volumes. We must make special mention of the very neat and attractive typographical appearance of these books—a feature which should not be overlooked by the compiler of the suggested American supplementary volumes.

EDUCATION in its Relation to Manual Industry,' by Arthur MacArthur (Appleton), is a sensible and much needed plea for the establishment of schools for industry by the State, supported by the practical illustration of what has been accomplished for the good of the State by such schools in foreign countries. Great Britain has never regretted the step she took, when, recognizing at the Crystal Palace Exhibition her inferiority in industrial art work, she at once established the South Kensington Museum, with its annexed art schools, at a cost of six million dollars. Education, as applied to industry, is of but recent origin, and has not yet made much advance in the United States; but every experiment that has been made, even so slight a one as the establishment of a 'carpenter's class' in the Dwight School in Boston, points to the favorable results that may be looked for when we once realize the importance of the subject. An anecdote told recently by Mr. Chaney applies well to the question. Some one visiting a prison, and struck with the fine pair of shoes made by one of the prisoners in the work-room, asked the man if he could have made as good shoes as those at the time he entered the prison. 'No, sir,' was the prompt reply; 'if I could have made them, I never should have been here.' The State can better afford to establish schools, or classes in schools, for industry, than to build prisons.

'THE NEW BOOK OF KINGS,' by J. Morrison Davidson, (Roberts) is one of those books that defeat their own object simply by being unpleasant. It is written by a man who does not like kings; indeed, by a man who would probably be willing we should say of him that he hates kings, and who claims that the history of England has 'never yet been written by a competent hand,' because 'the Humes, Freemans, Froudes, Macaulays and Greens' are 'merely scholars and polished writers,' and the 'root of the matter is not in them.' If the 'root of the matter' is in Mr. Davidson, it is certainly a very ugly root; for his 'New Book of Kings' is devoted to the raking up and digging out of every horrid thing in the public or private life of the kings he deals with, and to writing nothing else. Of even Queen Victoria's virtue he cannot say more than 'Well, she ought to be virtuous!' Such books never accomplish anything; they certainly do not make converts, and those who are already radicals feel a little ashamed of having such an advocate.

A 'GYMNASTIC MANUAL' of the exercises practised by the Junior Class in Amherst College has been prepared under the direction of Dr. Edward Hitchcock (Ginn, Heath & Co.) Its object is to furnish a series of exercises by which a teacher can instruct a class in light gymnastics, or take the leading points and adapt them to special wants and circumstances, and it includes a series of simple military movements, not in all instances those taught in the military schools, though following in the main the directions in 'Upton's Infantry Tactics.' Persons who wish to strengthen certain parts of their bodies, or learn what muscles are used in different exercises, will find a portion of the manual devoted to such instruction.—FEW BOOKS are better

worth frequent reprinting than Bacon's Essays (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), and the present is one of the best editions. It contains a biographical sketch and numerous notes. In large part it is a reproduction of the matter in Bohn's edition, but it is printed and bound in a much handsomer form. To the essays are added 'The Wisdom of the Ancients,' one of the most readable of Bacon's works.

THE GROlier CLUB has more than earned the right to live and prosper by its beautiful reprint of 'A Decree of the Starre Chamber, Concerning Printing,' from Robert Barker's edition of 1637. A dancier volume has never been issued from an American press, and Mr. DeVinne deserves the highest praise for the faithfulness of his reproduction and the delicacy of his work. The title-page, bearing the coat-of-arms of the Club, is a rare specimen of color printing. Only 150 copies of this dainty volume in its vellum and gold cover are printed, and we count ourselves fortunate in possessing one of them. The organization of clubs that have for one of their aims the printing or reprinting of books of special interest which it would not pay a regular publisher to issue, is to be commended. It is a branch of club work in which all literary people are interested, as it cannot fail to have a beneficial effect on the making of books for the regular market.

A Protest Against Wagnerism.

THE following note, which reaches us from out of town, may not contain the final word on the subject of Wagnerism, but it certainly gives very lively expression to the views of the ante-Wagnerians.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Is it true, as a chatty contemporary across the water predicts, that in a few years the name of Wagner will be nothing but a name, and no longer the symbol of a religion? Now, at least, his votaries form an intolerant Church, which would, with a good grace, re-establish the pyres of the Inquisition. And it is more than doubtful whether they understand the music of their master, and it is more than obvious that the *innamorati* occupy themselves far more with externals than with inner forces. An outsider is struck with their spectacular hankerings—their strange attire, their fantasticality of attitude and manner, their streaming locks and sibylline speech.

The Wagnerians are nothing if not subdivided. For example, there's your Wagnerian artist, musical composer (or decomposer), imitator of the German, of course, though without one spark of genius; fattened on ill-digested food from the Wagnerian kitchen; full of obscurity, fuss and obfuscation. Such musical Frankensteins have no authentic existence. They create nothing, because they feel nothing. Their arid fancies are dry and burning as Sahara. Then there's your Wagnerian critic—mystic, positive, apostolic; a bandier of words which he generally does not understand; full of tall talk, musical mysticism, and metaphysical cant. Escaping from this Scylla, lo! yonder is the Charybdis of the Wagnerian *dilettante*, male or female as the case may be, who has been a pilgrim to Bayreuth, suffered a mortal bore there, endured the tyranny and rigors of an Arctic inn, just to do homage to principle and furnish a martyr to the new religion. And lastly—oh horrors! the Wagnerian woman. Is not she the woman who wanders to Concord, who edges in at philosophical conferences, who bristles with 'lectures' and 'papers' that have never been delivered, who burns with contempt for Italian 'guitar-orchestras,' and leans a lingering neck forward to catch the last vanishing echo of 'The Flying Dutchman?' And is it to be the heart-rending truth, after all the noise and bluster, that Wagner himself is but a passing fashion—is, in fact, himself the Flying Dutchman? See a recent pessimistic number of the *Nuova Antologia* for an answer to this question. LYRA.

The Lounger

I SEE by *The Athenæum* that 'the original autographs of the love-letters addressed by John Keats to Miss Fanny Brawne in the years 1819-20 will be sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge the first week in March, together with six unpublished autograph letters of Charles Lamb.' So far as I know, there is no objection to the sale of the six Lambs; but the sale of Keats's love-letters is simply outrageous. Englishmen are fond of insisting upon the salutary effect of public opinion in England. After the publication of these letters in book form, a few years since, and their proposed sale at auction, the less they say on this subject the better.

RUNNING my eye over an old edition of Blake's Biographical Dictionary, the other day, in quest of one of the names conspicuous by their absence from that antiquated reference-book, I was amused by the naïveté of an aside in the paragraph devoted to George Burroughs, the worthy clergyman put to death by his unworthy neighbors at Salem in 1692. 'He was executed'—so the passage runs—'for witchcraft, a crime impossible for any human being to be guilty [*sic*] since the age of miracles.' Dr. Blake thought 'the name of this man ought to be preserved from oblivion.' So it ought; and so ought the Doctor's ingenuous comment on the crime of witchcraft.

A CORRESPONDENT called my attention recently to a ludicrous misquotation of George MacDonald's verses in 'Phantastes,' beginning 'Alas, how easily things go wrong!' Another correspondent now sends me the following lines, which, over the name of Lilian Whiting and under the title 'Two Points of View,' are going the rounds of the press:

'Alas, how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And then there follows a note of pain,
And Life is never the same again.'
Yet, still, how easily things go right,
The skies are fair on a winter night,
And soft winds stir, and the world is in tune,
And December days wear the glow of June.
One forgets the sigh and the kiss too long,
In a glory of gladness and sunshine and song;
Sweet meanings come and new heights arise,
And life is transfigured in Paradise.

MY FRIEND is nothing if not just; and he thinks it unfair to the Managing Editor of *The North American Review* that a supplement to MacDonald's graceful verses, current nine years ago, should have been ignored by the later versifier. The earlier version—including the quoted stanzas—ran as follows:

'Alas! how easily things go wrong;
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist, and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.'
'Alas! how hardly things go right;
'Tis hard to watch on a Summer's night,
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,
And the Summer's night is a Winter's day.'
And yet how easily things go right,
If the sigh and the kiss of the Winter's night
Come deep from the soul, in the stronger ray
That is born in the light of the Winter's day.
And things can never go badly wrong,
If the heart be true, and the love be strong;
For the mist, if it comes, and the weeping rain,
Will be changed by the love into sunshine again.

L. S. METCALF.

THERE is a lesson to brain-workers in the unhappy fate of the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, who is supposed to have wandered away while out of his mind. Mr. Conant has been taxing his brain beyond its powers for a number of years. He was a hard-working journalist on a daily paper until he went to the Harpers, and there he worked as hard on the *Weekly*, for the work of a weekly illustrated newspaper is never finished. Besides his regular editorial work, which of itself was not crushingly heavy, Mr. Conant held a number of official positions among the Freemasons, the duties of which took much of his time. As a rule he got to bed not earlier than midnight, and was at his desk in Franklin Square by nine o'clock the next morning. Then he took his vacation in small instalments—a day or two at a time, throughout the year—instead of going off for a few weeks in midsummer. To me, a fate such as has befallen Mr. Conant seems more dreadful than death. To his family the suspense must be unendurable.

IN READING Mr. Woodberry's capital *Life of Poe*, one is not tempted to say of it, as some one said in *The Century* of Ingram's biography:

An Englishman—Ingram—has written Poe's Life.
We recall, as we slowly toil through it,
How keenly Poe wielded the critical knife—
And we wish he were here to review it!

"Paltry and Grotesque."

MR. GOSSE seems to have stirred up a hornet's nest by his unfavorable criticism of Philadelphia's new City Hall. In the interview published in *THE CRITIC* of January 24, just before speaking of the Tiffany House in New York as one of the most beautiful modern domestic buildings he had ever seen, and of Trinity Church, Boston, as without exception the most beautiful modern ecclesiastical edifice with which he was familiar, he alluded to the Municipal Building in Philadelphia—inadvertently miscalling it the 'Government building'—as 'one of the paltriest and most grotesque structures ever foisted upon a modern town.' These, exclaims *The Evening Telegraph*, 'are expressions which have no application whatever to the City Hall, as every intelligent person who has seen that building must know. There is nothing "paltry" or "grotesque" about that edifice; it is a childish perversion of language to apply such epithets to it.' The editor prefers to think that *THE CRITIC* 'has misrepresented Mr. Gosse,' by putting these 'meaningless words' in his mouth. If he prefers to think so, he is at perfect liberty to do so; but the fact remains that the words were taken down by a stenographer as they fell from Mr. Gosse's lips, and that the manuscript was revised for publication by Mr. Gosse himself.

The North American keeps its temper better than the contemporary we have just quoted. 'This is worse treatment than we got in the American Notes of Dickens,' it protests; but it manifests no disposition whatever to put strychnine in Mr. Gosse's tea. What most annoys it is that its own, its native place, should be deliberately written down as 'a modern town,' when in reality 'Philadelphia was a tolerably big city long enough before Mr. Gosse was born.' If it is a recent creation, what does Mr. Gosse think of himself? If he wanted antiquity, what did he come here for? Why did he not go to Egypt? 'But why was not our guest taken to Independence Hall, to Girard College, to the Post Office, and down Chestnut Street to Third?' Perhaps he was, and perhaps he admired what he saw; but what has Girard College got to do with the City Hall?

No Philadelphian, says the *Record*—with a patriotic flourish of the editorial pen,—'can tamely permit a structure which he knows is magnificent and decorative to be styled by a would-be æsthetic critic "one of the paltriest and most grotesque structures ever foisted upon a modern town."' The *Telegraph*, however, is not going to believe that Mr. Gosse ever uttered the words attributed to him 'until he is heard from directly.' Then, 'if the tremendous indictment has to stand, we will agree with our contemporary the *Record*, that the critic's name should be spelled with a double o, rather than a double s.'

This witticism is, of course, unanswerable. It proves conclusively that the City Hall in Philadelphia is the handsomest public building in America.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

MR. GOSSE's perfectly truthful criticism of the City Hall in Philadelphia is interesting. It has aroused the press of the Quaker City, which seems to think that only a foreigner on a superficial examination could make such a mistake as not to bow in humble admiration before that incongruous pile. Not being a foreigner, but a Philadelphian by birth, and of a family associated with this 'modern town' for two hundred years, I may be supposed to have a patriotic desire to apologize for its faults; but, having seen most if not all of the public buildings in every European capital and many

in my own country, I must say that this is one of the greatest failures in architectural beauty I know. Such a crushing mass, with ponderous top-heavy ornaments almost from 'turret to foundation stone,' is without a parallel. From every view it is pretentious and vulgar. Every writhing, straining, misplaced statue, bas-relief, and decoration, seems to have but one purpose—to say to the beholder, 'See how much money has been spent on me!' It is quite possible to have a substantial building gracefully ornamented with chaste delicacy, such as the temples of Greece, Rome and Egypt. These have not a disagreeable ponderosity, and never give the effect of being overloaded with weighty ornament.

Girard College, the new Post Office, and the Ridgway Library, are creditable examples of Philadelphia taste, to which the attention of Mr. Gosse ought to have been directed. Like Mr. Capper, he will have to try it over again. The City Hall reminds me of Dr. Holmes's description of the forks and spoons of certain millionaires as 'brutally heavy.' The architect (as well as the City Fathers, in more senses than one) is worthy of the epitaph written by the wits of Queen Anne's reign on Sir John Vanbrugh, an architect who was charged with having ponderous tastes:

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

PHILADELPHIA, 28 Jan., 1885.

AMERICANUS.

The Dunlap Society.

WE have just received the prospectus of the Dunlap Society, named in honor of William Dunlap, one of the first of American dramatists, 'one of the earliest of American managers, and the foremost historian of the American theatre.' The object of the society is threefold, namely: 'To bring together all those interested in the history of the American Theatre. To issue such books and pamphlets as may throw light on this history, most of which must otherwise remain unknown, unprinted, and often, no doubt, unwritten. To collect and to preserve portraits of distinguished American actors, dramatists, and other theatrical celebrities, which might otherwise be lost, and to issue engravings of these from time to time to its members.' From this prospectus, we learn, furthermore, that 'the Dunlap Society intends to begin at once the issuing of books and pamphlets discussing various points in the history, biography, and bibliography, of the American theatre. These publications will form a continuous series. They will be issued unbound, uncut, stitched, and in paper covers. Every book will be provided with an index. Every pamphlet will have a double pagination, so that it shall be complete in itself and yet ready to bind up with other pamphlets so soon as there are sufficient to make a volume of from 200 to 300 pages. For every volume of these collected pamphlets, there will be issued a title-page, a table of contents, and an index. The present prospectus is to be preserved as the first publication of the Society. The future publications will be uniform with this in type, paper, and style of printing. Whenever occasion offers, the publications of the Society will be illustrated.'

The Society will hold an annual meeting every January, at which rare and curious dramatic manuscripts, prints, etc., will be exhibited. The yearly dues are \$5, and the executive committee consists of J. H. V. Arnold, Chairman, 206 Broadway; Harry Edwards, Wallack's Theatre; Laurence Hutton, 229 W. Thirty-fourth Street; Thomas J. McKee, Treasurer, 338 Broome Street, and Brander Matthews, Secretary, 121 E. Eighteenth Street.

Gladstone on Washington.

[From *The New York Tribune*.]

LONDON, January 17.

THE letter which this accompanies is sent for publication, I need hardly say, by Mr. Gladstone's permission. A brief note on the circumstances which gave rise to it may perhaps prove

interesting, and for that, too, I have his leave, as well as the consent of the friend under whose roof the incident occurred. The date was last September, the place a country-house in Scotland. The reasons, or some of the reasons, why I have held back the letter till now are, I suppose, obvious enough. One may hope that by this time the effervescence of the Presidential campaign has pretty well subsided.

A conversation had been started by one of the company on the subject of reverence for great men. The question was asked: Do we in these days feel and show as much reverence for noble character as was felt and shown formerly? Some one said 'No, and the reason is that such characters are fewer than they used to be; the standard is not so high; men have as much reverence in their nature; but there is less to call it forth.' Mr. Gladstone dissented at once. 'If,' he said, 'you look back over the period within the memory of the oldest of us, you will find it rich in men who deserve and who have received the deep respect and reverence of their contemporaries. To take but one example, there is Cobden. I do not know that there is in any period a man whose public career and life were nobler or more admirable than Cobden's.'

Then, interrupting himself, and looking across the table to me, Mr. Gladstone said: 'Of course, I except Washington. Washington to my mind is the purest figure in history.' Mr. Gladstone added a sentence or two which I need not repeat, as the full expression of his opinion about Washington will be found in his own letter. All those present excepting myself were Englishmen, and all of them, it is a pleasure to say, agreed with Mr. Gladstone.

The morning after this, there was a report in the papers of a meeting in favor of Imperial Federation, and as we walked along the gallery to the breakfast-room, Mr. Gladstone asked what was thought in America on that subject. I answered as well as I could, and finally said there was a matter in which we, I thought, were more directly and deeply interested, and that was the promotion of a good understanding among all English-speaking people the world over. 'Ah, there,' exclaimed Mr. Gladstone, 'I am heartily with you. The future of the world belongs to us, to us who are of the same blood and language, if we are true to ourselves and to our opportunities, not of conquest or aggression, but of commercial development and beneficent influence.'

For a fuller account of his opinions, I refer the reader again to Mr. Gladstone's letter, to which this is perhaps a needless preface. I have only to add that, thinking what he said on these two subjects would interest Americans profoundly, I subsequently wrote to ask if I might repeat it. 'Yes,' was his answer, 'in such words and as publicly as you please'; and at the same time came the letter in which he restates his views on both subjects.

G. W. S.

10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, Oct. 4, '84.

DEAR MR. SMALLEY,

I was unwilling to answer your letter hastily, and I therefore postponed writing for two or three days, but I find this does not in any degree relieve me from my dilemma.

The first point raised by you is, indeed, one that can be briefly disposed of. When I first read in detail the Life of Washington, I was profoundly impressed with the moral elevation and greatness of his character, and I found myself at a loss to name among the statesmen of any age or country many, or possibly any, who could be his rival. In saying this I mean no disparagement to the class of politicians, the men of my own craft and cloth; whom, in my own land, and my own experience, I have found no less worthy than other men of love and of admiration. I could name among them those who seem to me to come near even to him. But I will shut out the last half century from the comparison. I will then say that if, among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice, at any time during the last forty-five years would have lighted, and it would now light, upon Washington.

The other subject is one on which I hardly like to touch in a few lines, for the prospect it opens to me is as vast as it is diversified, and it is so interesting as to be almost overwhelming.

Mr. Barham Zincke, no incompetent calculator, reckons that the English-speaking peoples of the world an hundred years hence will probably count a thousand millions. Some French author, whose name I unfortunately forget, in a recent estimate places them somewhat lower; at what precise figure I do not recollect, but it is like 600 or 800 millions. A century back I

suppose they were not much, if at all, beyond fifteen millions; I also suppose we may now take them at an hundred.

These calculations are not so visionary as they may seem to some: they rest upon a rather wide induction, while the best they can pretend to is rough approximation. But, as I recollect, it was either Imlay, or one of those with whom the name of that creature is associated, that computed, a century back, the probable population of the American Union at this date; and placed it very nearly at the point where it now stands.

What a prospect is that of very many hundreds of millions of people, certainly among the most manful and energetic in the world, occupying one great continent, I may almost say two, and other islands and territories not easy to be counted, with these islands at their head, the most historic in the world. In contact, by a vast commerce, with all mankind, and perhaps still united in kindly political association with some more hundreds of millions fitted for no mean destiny. United almost absolutely in blood and language, and very largely in religion, laws, and institutions.

If anticipations such as these are to be realized in any considerable degree, the prospect is at once majestic, inspiring and consolatory. The subject is full of meaning, and of power; of so much meaning that the pupil of the eye requires time to let in such a flood of light. I shall not attempt after thus sketching it, to expound it. It would be as absurd as if a box-keeper at a theatre, when letting in a party, should attempt to expound the piece.

I hope that some person more competent and less engaged that myself will give this subject the study it deserves; taking his stand on the facts of the last century, and the promise, *valeat quantum*, of the coming one. I cannot but think as well as hope that a good understanding, in the future, near and far, among English-speaking peoples, though it may not be matter of certainty, yet is beyond the necessity of going a-begging, so to speak, for recommendations from any individual, earnestly and with my whole heart as I, for one, should recommend it.

Clearly if the English-speaking peoples shall then be anything like what we have now been supposing, and if there shall not be a good understanding among them, there will have been a base desertion of an easy duty—a *gran rifiuto*, such as might stir another Dante to denounce it, a renunciation of the noblest, the most beneficial, the most peaceful primacy ever presented to the heart and understanding of man.

On the other hand, great as it would be, it would demand no propaganda, no superlative ingenuity or effort; it ought to be an orderly and natural growth requiring only that you should be reasonably true and loyal to your traditions, and we to ours. To gain it will need no preterhuman strength or wisdom; to miss it will require some portentous degeneracy. Even were it a day-dream it would be an improving one, loftier and better than that which prompted the verse

super et Garamantas et Indos
Proferet imperium; jacet extra sidera tellus,
Extra anni solisque vias,

because it implies no strife or bloodshed, and is full only of the moral elements of strength.

Believe me, dear Mr. Smalley, very faithfully yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Prevalence of Melancholy.

[From *The Spectator*.]

THE *Medical Times* of last Saturday has a most dismal article on the alleged prevalence of melancholy amongst the cultivated classes at the present day, though why it limits its statements to the cultivated classes we hardly know; for it, as it seems to imply, the prevalence of melancholy is due to the same causes, and expresses the same malign influences, as the prevalence of insanity and suicide, we are told on good authority that there is a much larger proportion of cases of insanity amongst the ignorant and poor than amongst the cultivated and comfortable classes. We do not believe that the materials can exist for really measuring the increase of these maladies, till we have for a long time possessed full and adequate statistics of their prevalence in all classes. And it is clear that we have not possessed good statistics of the prevalence of mental maladies amongst the poorer class till quite recently, even if we possess them now. Doubtless, too, a great part of the seeming increase of these diseases, amongst the cultivated classes at all events, is due to a much more general habit of confidentially consulting medical men concerning unpleasant mental symptoms, than had been formed by the same class in the last generation. But, when all is said that can fairly be said to throw doubt on the alleged in-

crease of the number of persons who suffer from melancholy, weariness of life, and the various other forms of nervous depression, we suppose it must be admitted that the growth of self-study—whether or not it has added to the growth of self-knowledge—has not tended to increase the happiness of mankind, and may very likely have added seriously to its misery. We suspect that there is literary exaggeration in the picture which the *Medical Times* draws of the impressive judge, the popular preacher, and the great physician, in their homes, when relieved from official responsibility; at least, we are quite sure that the picture applies to exceedingly few persons in any of these professions, unless they be habitually overworked:—

Could we thus pursue the judge who has won our admiration in Court by the logical precision and ethical propriety with which he has distinguished the offences of the criminals brought before him, we should perhaps find him pacing the floor of his bedroom and wringing his hands under the horrible, if fictitious, conviction that he is himself more guilty and steeped in sin than the wretches he has sent to penal servitude. Could we keep watch over that popular preacher, who has stirred us by his fervid words, and strengthened the foundations of our faith by his confident dogmatism, we should observe him perhaps tossing sleepless and distressed throughout the live-long night, haunted by doubts and perplexities, and by the incessant whisperings of a voice which asks—

Were it not better not to be,
Than live so full of misery?

Could we in disembodiment remain a little with that good physician who has just given us such sound advice, and urged us to fight against the despondency for which we have consulted him, we should perceive him, perhaps, as soon as he has dismissed his patients, hurry off to the house of a brother practitioner and pour forth in his ear, with tremulous anxiety, a description of the hopeless diseases from which he conceives himself to be suffering, and which exist only in his hypochondriac fancy.

And, if the sufferers be habitually overworked,—which hardly any of our Judges at all events are,—the remedy is clear. They are bound by every consideration of duty to do only as much as they can do well, and they should early learn to make a careful study of the limits of their own powers, and of the symptoms which indicate an approach to those limits, and should lay down for themselves such strict rules as would prevent them from exhausting too early the elasticity of those powers.

That, however, is hardly the direction in which this journal could make any useful comment on the subject which our medical contemporary has brought before the public. What we should like to discuss is rather the special causes of melancholy peculiar to our own time. And one we have already sufficiently indicated—namely, the great growth of self-study, which need not necessarily be—indeed, very seldom is—self-knowledge. There can be no doubt that self-consciousness and self-knowledge are very different things, and that while all the tendencies of the age increase the volume of self-consciousness, a great number of these very tendencies diminish the volume of true self-knowledge. For self-consciousness cannot be self-forgetful, while any real self-knowledge often will be. The time people devote to the analysis of the difference between their feelings on this occasion and their feelings on that, is mostly wasted time, which tends to nothing in the world but a growth of self-importance; while to grow in self-knowledge is to grow, not in the knowledge of the various shades of your own feelings, but in the knowledge of your competence to assist others, and of the various ways in which you blunder or avoid blundering in that kind of service. The tendency of half the literature of the day is to enfeeble or even paralyze men by fixing their thoughts upon themselves. The tendency of almost everything which promotes true self-knowledge, is to help men to know themselves by fixing their thoughts upon the duties they may do for others, the only way in which they can really gauge at once their own weaknesses and their own powers.

Again, one other great cause which promotes modern melancholy in the cultivated classes, is the decline of faith in those classes. One constantly meets with conscientious people who seem to think that the whole burden of determining the future course of humanity lies on their own unassisted shoulders. They have dwelt upon their own paltry share in the determination of human affairs till they have got to think that the world will stand still if they do not perform it rightly,—a sure mode of providing that they will not perform their duty rightly. The conceited notion which Mr. Lowell has fixed in all our minds,—

Fer John P.
Robinson he

Says the world 'll go right ef he hollers out 'gee,'
is not the illusion of an age of melancholy. But it is not so very

far removed from the other illusion, which *is* a prevalent one among us—namely, that the world is going wrong because some feeble-minded person in some moment of elaborate self-consciousness had not the strength of mind to ejaculate that monosyllable,—an omission which has preyed upon his mind ever since. Luther's great saying, 'We tell our Lord God plainly that if he will have his Church, he must keep it himself; for we cannot keep it, and if we could, we should be the proudest asses under Heaven,' is hardly ever acted upon in the morbid moral world of to-day. By looking at their own moral failings through a magnifying-glass, even good men exalt the significance of their own responsibilities till they are quite incompetent to perform them. The only healthy and manly kind of duty is that which is done faithfully and honestly, indeed, but without the absurd idea that if we make the smallest mistake whole generations of men will suffer for it, as if God did not know how to use our right-minded mistakes as effectually as he uses our right-minded service. It is the want of a large and manly faith which has transformed conscientiousness into vacillation and scrupulosity, quite as much as it has stimulated unconscientiousness into impudence. The melancholy of cultivated men at the present day is certainly due in no small degree to that predominant notion that *they* are responsible for the future of the world, which Luther so boldly and wisely repudiated. The excess of the sense of responsibility weakens the power of man quite as much as its deficiency.

If any one will compare the literature of a more cheerful century with our own,—say, for instance, the Sixteenth, or even the Seventeenth,—he will notice that one of the main differences between that literature and ours is the far greater value which was attached in it to existence itself, and the far less importance which was attached in it to the particular modes of existence, supposing, of course, that these modes were not in defiance of the very laws for which existence was given us. There was a freedom in the literature of the earlier time, a genuine confidence in the destiny of human nature as such, which we do not find now when the chief object of even good men and women is, not to live the life God has given them with a kind of enthusiasm because it is his gift, but to live in order to make some little improvement in some one else's life—the intensity of the desire for this otherwise excellent end, arising not unfrequently from the belief that the miseries of this worst of all possible worlds are all but insupportable. The motive may be good, but the general view of life from which it proceeds is so utterly false, as to rob it of all healing power. In the old times, the culture of the world was hopeful, enthusiastic, even in some sense too exalted. But that was exactly what gave it its vigor and its healing power. Sir Thomas Browne, who thought of life from the physician's point of view, never exaggerated the diseases of the world as we exaggerate them now; and why? Because he thought of them as the accidents of a moment, and thought of the existence which they affected as the great miracle which should eclipse in our minds all these untoward incidents of human destiny. This is the tone he takes,—a self-exalting tone, if you please, but certainly a much truer tone than that dejected and microscopic exaggeration of miseries which leads to so much of the modern melancholy:—

Now, for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a History, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a Fable; for the World, I count it not an Inn, but a Hospital, and a place not to live, but to dye in. The world that I regard is myself: it is the Microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my Globe, and turn it round sometimes but for my recreation. Those that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and Fortunes, do err in my Altitude, for I am above Atlas his shoulders. The Earth is a point not only in respect of the Heavens above us, but of that Heavenly and celestial part within us: that mass of Flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind: that surface that tells the Heavens it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any; I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty; though the number of the Ark do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind; whilst I study to find how I am a Microcosm or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the Elements, and owes no homage to the Sun. Nature tells me I am the Image of God, as well as Scripture: he that understands not this much hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the Alphabet of Man.

This may be a sanguine and self-exalting mood, but in essence it is the true *religio medici*. Not by Dr. Maudsley's gospel, but by Sir Thomas Browne's, will melancholy in the modern sense be conjured out of man. That the world is not an inn to live in and therefore to be made as luxurious as possible, but is good enough, even if it be only a hospital to die in, since we are to

awaken in it to the perfect health of a nobler state, is the true doctrine which will help to make even the hospital cheerfuller than the most luxurious inn could be made without it.

Quatrains from Omar Khayyám.

[From *The Academy*.]

I. DEATH.

I DASHED my clay-cup on the stone hard-by:
The reckless frolic raised my heart on high:
Then said a shard with momentary voice:
'As *thou* have I been; thou shalt be as I.'

Annihilation makes me not to fear:
In truth, it seems more sweet than lingering here:
My life was sent me as a loan unsought:
When pay-day comes I'll pay without a tear.

Has God made profit from my coming? Nay.
His glory gains not when I go away.
Mine ear has never heard from mortal man
This coming and this going, why are they?

I'd not have come, had this been left to me:
Nor would I go, to go if I were free:
Oh! best of all, upon this lonely earth
Neither to come nor go—yea, not to be!

Oh! that there were some place where men could rest,
Some end to look for in this lonely quest,
Some hope that in a hundred thousand years
Our dust might blossom on the Mother's breast!

Alas for me! the Book of Youth is read:
The fresh glad Spring is now December dead:
That bird of joy whose name was Youth is flown;
Ay me, I know not how he came or fled!*

II. GOD.

Thou art the Opener, open Thou the door:
Thou art the Teacher, teach my soul to soar:
No human masters hold me by the hand:
They pass away—Thou bidest evermore.

I cannot reach the Road to join with Thee:
I cannot bear one breath apart from Thee:
I dare not tell this grief to any man:
Ah hard! ah strange! ah longing sweet for Thee!

III. CONDUCT.

In school and cloister, mosque and fane, one lies
Adread of Hell, or dreams of Paradise;
But none that know the secrets of the Lord
Have sown their hearts with suchlike phantasies.

Ah, strive amain no human heart to wring:
Let no one feel thine anger burn or sting:
Wouldst thou be lapt in long-enduring joy,
Know how to suffer: cause no suffering.

While sinew, vein and bone together blend,
Outside the path of Doom we cannot wend.
Bow not thy neck, though Rustam be thy foe:
Be bound to none, though Hâtim be thy friend.

IV. CONSOLATION.

This is the time for roses and repose
Beside the stream that by the meadow goes:
A friend or two, a sweetheart like a rose,
With wine, and none to heed how Mullahs prose.

Come, bring that Ruby in yon crystal bowl,
That brother true of every open soul:
Thou knowest overwell this life of ours
Is wind that hurries by—O bring the bowl!

With loving lip to lip the bowl I drain,
To learn how long my soul must here remain,
And lip to lip it whispers, 'While you live,
Drink, for, once gone, you come not back again.'

Sweet airs are blowing on the rose of May:
Sweet eyes are shining down the garden gay:
Aught sweet of dead Yestreen you cannot say—
No more of it—so sweet is this To-day!

* Compare *πίθος δὲ μοι ὡς ὕναρ ἔσται*.—Bion.

† Compare Olivier Basselin, 'Vaux de Viré,' xvii.: 'Les morts ne boivent plus dedans la sépulture.'

When Death uproots my life-plant, ear and grain,
And flings them forth to moulder on the plain,
If men shall make a wine-jug of my clay,
And brim with wine, 'twill leap to life again.

This jar was once a lover like to me,
Lost in delight of wooing one like thee;
And, lo! the handle here upon the neck
Was once the arm that held her neck in tee.

Your love-nets hold my hair-forsaken head:
Therefore my lips in warming wine are red:
Repentance born of Reason you have wrecked,
And Time has torn the robe that Patience made.

WHITLEY STOKES.

Current Criticism

SOAKED WITH AMERICANISM:—Those critics of American literature who are wont to complain that it is not sufficiently American, and those American novelists who cannot find in America the color and form which they see easily enough in Europe, may be recommended to read Mr. Cable's 'Dr. Sevier' and Mr. Craddock's 'Where the Battle Was Fought.' Both stories are worthy additions to the scant literature of the Southern States. Both stories are by American novelists, and yet they are wholly unlike the American novel of the accepted type, for they are neither realistic nor analytic; they are rather romantic. Both stories are absolutely American, and could by no possibility have been told of any European people or laid in any European place. Both are filled with local color, rank of their native soil, soaked through and through with Americanism. Both, therefore, deal with scenes unfamiliar to the English reader; and the lives of the characters in both stories are ordered by conventions unlike the conventions which the English reader accepts. In both stories the English critic cannot but find now and again words unfamiliar to him, and he cannot but mark now and again the unfamiliar use of a familiar word. Both stories again—but this is a trifle—are a little too long; the thread of interest is stretched a little too far, and the tale, as a tale, would be improved by some slight compression.—*The Saturday Review*.

'TRANSLATOR, TRAITOR':—*The Magazin für die Literatur des In- und Auslandes* continues to be unfortunate when it meddles with the English language. Many of our readers will be acquainted with Victor Scheffel's charming German song—referring, we believe, to Heinrich von Ofterdingen—which has the refrain, 'Der Heini von Steier ist wieder im Land.' *The Magazin* of January 10 publishes an 'English' translation of this poem, by Johanna Baltz, from which we quote the following specimen:—

To finches and swallows tells sweet nightingale:
'The song of a violin fills woodland and vale!
Ye twitt'ners, ye singers, now silence your cant—
Hark, Heini von Steier returned to his land!'

Shoemaker is waving his furcap in glee:
'The merciful heaven forgets never me!
Now shoes will be costly, soleleather gets scant—
Hark, Heini von Steier returned to his land.'

—*The Academy*.

THE Y. M. C. A. AND THE RAILROADS:—I have had the opportunity to become personally familiar with the workings of the Railroad Branch of this Association. The results can hardly be overstated. On the lines with which I am connected, one hundred thousand men are employed, and they represent over half a million in their families. The effect of the establishment of one of these societies at a railroad centre is marked and immediate. The character of the service begins to improve. Salaries and wages which have been worse than wasted, are spent upon the wives and children, and the surplus finds its way into the savings-bank, and from there into a homestead. In the streets and in the houses, intelligence, thrift, and sober lives take the place of slovenliness and carelessness. To many of these men is intrusted the lives of the hundred million passengers who annually travel over the railways of the country. The demand for speed constantly increases the dangers of carriage. The steady hand and clear brain of the locomotive engineer, of the switchman at the crossing, of the flagman at the curve, of the signal man at the telegraph, alone prevent unutterable horrors, and this Association does more in fitting men to fulfil these

duties for the safety of the public than all the patent appliances of the age.—*From an Address by Chauncey M. Depew.*

HAWTHORNE'S IDYLIC MARRIED LIFE:—Whatever the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife may have been in its practical aspect to outsiders, evidently to themselves it was throughout idyllic. When they met they had passed the days of boy and girl romance—she over thirty already, he six or seven years older; yet into boy and girl romance they plunged head over ears in the very youngest manner. They played at being in love; they made it as like the story of a novelette as the want of a plot allowed; they even made a sort of substitute for a plot by completely unnecessary concealment of their engagement, and by encouraging, till Hawthorne could afford to marry, a delightfully alarming superstition of family opposition which never existed; they wrote letters which would be a deal too 'poetical' for any form of verse, and held themselves up to their own admiration as lovers hitherto unparagoned in creation.—*The Athenæum*.

Notes

—THE first edition of the *February Century*, containing Grant's 'Shiloh,' numbered 180,000 copies. Two extra editions—one of 10,000 and the other of 20,000—have since been printed. Gen. McClellan will contribute two papers to this series, one of a general nature on the Peninsula Campaign and the second on the battle of Antietam. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who, until the battle of Seven Pines, commanded the Confederate forces opposed to McClellan in the same campaign, will write of the Confederate side, covering the period from Manassas to Seven Pines, and dealing with both battles, and with his own relations with Jefferson Davis.

—Mr. Lawrence Barrett will appear in Browning's 'The Blot on the Scutcheon' at the Star Theatre on Monday evening, and again on Tuesday and Wednesday.

—Mr. Montgomery Schuyler is acting as Editor of *Harper's Weekly* in the absence of Mr. S. S. Conant.

—In this week's *Commercial Advertiser*, and the other papers forming the 'syndicate' to which the *Commercial* belongs, will appear a story by Brander Matthews bearing the felicitous title 'The Elixir of Death.' It is to appear also in *Belgravia*. An article by Mr. Matthews on the antiquity of humor is one of the features of the current *Longman's*.

—Mr. Palgrave's reprint of Keats's poems, recently added to the Golden Treasury Series, is pronounced by *The Athenæum* 'an exquisite pocket volume'—'dainty,' 'pretty,' etc. But more than a page is devoted to unfavorable criticism of the text, which is mainly reprinted from the original editions.

—A popular edition of the Queen's last book, 'More Leaves,' is in press. It will contain all the woodcut illustrations of the original edition, and wood-engravings of the portraits.

—*The Academy* notes that in *Le Livre* for January Mr. Hamerton's 'Paris' and Mr. Gomme's 'Gentleman's Magazine Library' are mentioned as American publications. 'With the growing custom of simultaneous issue of books in England and in the United States,' says the editor, 'it is difficult to see how foreign bibliographers are to avoid making this kind of mistake.'

—Mr. A. B. Starey has succeeded Miss Van Dyne as Editor of *Harper's Young People*. Mr. Starey is an Oxford man, and a successful writer of children's stories.

—Osgood & Co. will issue before long a volume containing Mr. Gosse's lectures recently delivered in this country. For so young a man, and one who is not a mere book-maker, Mr. Gosse's name has appeared on an unusual number of title-pages. His first book of verse—'On Viol and Lute'—was followed, after an interval of a very few years, by a second, bearing the unsuggestive title of 'New Poems;' and both of these volumes were drawn upon in preparing the American edition of 'On Viol and Lute,' published by Henry Holt & Co. 'King Eric,' a tragedy, by Mr. Gosse, bears the imprint of Chatto & Windus. For the Parchment Library he has collected a volume of 'English Odes' and edited Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Discourses.' He has also furnished biographical and critical prefaces to the 'Poems of Toru Dutt' and the handsome book prepared in memory of his friend, Cecil Lawson. His first important critical work was a series of 'Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe,' and this was followed by 'Eighteenth Century Studies.' Ward's admirable Anthology of English poetry is full of discerning criticism from his pen; and now his *Life of Gray*, in the English Men-of-Letters Series, is followed by the scholarly edi-

tion of that poet's works just issued by Armstrong & Son. Mr. Gosse, we believe, is not yet thirty-six.

—Mr. William Winter has prepared a volume of essays on Henry Irving and his acting, which—being printed by Mr. De Vinne with unusual care—must prove a gem of book-making. Mr. George J. Coombes is to publish it.

—A recent cablegram from London brings news of the marriage of Mr. Buckle, the young editor of *The Times*, to a daughter of Mr. James Payn, the novelist.

—Messrs. Prang are determined that St. Valentine's Day shall not be forgotten, and they also intend that it shall be celebrated in good style. They have engaged well-known artists to assist in carrying out their intentions, and have served up their work in various ways—on plain card-board, on card-board fringed, and on perfumed satin. The designs have been made by Miss L. B. Comins, Mrs. O. E. Whitney, Mrs. Mary C. Post, F. W. Freer, Will H. Low and W. H. Gibson.

—An unacted play by Bulwer is to replace 'Hamlet,' in which Mr. Wilson Barrett has been playing so successfully in London.

—At his own expense, and 'without a dollar's subsidy from the Government,' Mr. J. H. Hickcox, of Washington, has begun the publication of a monthly catalogue of 'United States Publications,' which is intended to furnish a complete list of all the books, papers, maps, etc., issued by order of Congress or any of the Departments. Everything, from ponderous quartos to single-page reports of committees, will be included, the full title and collations being given in every instance. The undertaking is praiseworthy, and deserving of practical encouragement. The Catalogue is published at \$2 per annum.

—According to *Christian Thought*, the Oxford Press, alone, uses annually in printing Bibles 'enough paper to form a belt around the globe 8½ inches wide.'

—Mr. Patterson Dubois, of the Philadelphia Mint, has printed for private circulation 'Moneta: A Study' read a year ago at a meeting of numismatists in this city. In it, he says that a coin 'seems to claim a sort of divine right to be regarded as the truest symbol of the intellectual life of man.' He calls the study of coins and coinage a master science, and dubs it 'Monetology.'

—Mrs. Roosevelt's 'Life and Reminiscences of Gustave Doré,' which Sampson Low & Co. are about to publish, contains many hitherto unprinted drawings by that marvellously clever artist, and several new engravings from his published works.

—A thousand copies of Mr. Cross's 'George Eliot' have been taken by the Mudie Libraries.

—In consequence of the widespread distress among artists, sculptors, and bronze-workers, at Naples, owing to the epidemic of cholera which has prevented the usual influx of visitors, a Committee of English and American residents has been formed there to solicit orders for the works of art for which Naples is celebrated. The work is patronized by the British and American Ministers, and a number of titled and untitled English ladies and gentlemen, and the Committee includes among its eight members the British Consul, Mr. H. Grant, and the American Consul, Mr. F. Haughwout. All inquiries and communications relating to this praiseworthy charity should be addressed—as we learn from a circular forwarded by Mr. Worthington, our Consul at Malta—to E. Neville Rolfe, Esq., 267 Riviera di Chiaja, Naples.

—G. M. Abbot sends us word from Philadelphia that a translation, by Mary L. Booth, of the late Edmond About's 'Le Roi des Montagnes' was published in Boston, in 1861, by J. E. Tilton & Co., under the title of 'The King of the Mountains,' and with an introduction by Epes Sargent.

—Kingsley's charming and well-known story of the 'Water Babies' has been edited and abridged by J. H. Stickney for Ginn, Heath & Co.'s series of Classics for Children. The story is undoubtedly a classic, and the only idea in abridging it has been to leave out certain satirical and metaphysical flights which were intended by the author merely as side diversions for an older audience.

—We are sorry to have to chronicle the cessation of the *Monthly Reference Lists*, edited during the past four years by Mr. W. E. Foster of the Providence Public Library. The December number, covering 'Samuel Johnson,' who died a hundred years ago last December, and the 'Rise of the French Drama,' is the last, and one of the best, of the series. The topics indexed have usually been of lasting, rather than of merely ephemeral, interest; and it is to be regretted that Mr. Foster has found no one to take up the task which the burden

of other duties has forced him to relinquish. Similar lists, prepared by various librarians, will, however, be issued henceforth as a feature of *The Literary News*, which is sent as a supplement to all subscribers for *The Library Journal*.

—Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, whose papers on Old Acadia just now form an entertaining feature of *The Current*, tells in the issue of January 31 of the 'French Gardens,' Sable Island, giving a graphic account of the sufferings of the convicts left on that wind- and wave-swept shore by De La Roche in 1598.

—It is said that the late Colonel Burnaby left behind him the finished manuscript of a political novel, so severe in its arraignment of his political adversaries as to warrant his executors in withholding it from publication.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

- No. 879.—1. Who wrote the poem 'Genevre' (or 'Genevree'),
I am weary of dancing, I'll hide, I'll hide?
2. Who wrote the fairy-tale of 'The Sleeping Beauty'?
NEW YORK CITY.

L. S. N.

- No. 880.—1. Who is the author of the following lines, and to whom is the reference?

When truth itself was slavery's slave,
Thy hand the prisoned suppliant gave
The rainbow wings of fiction.

2. Who is 'Margaret Sidney,' author of several juvenile books?
NORWICH, CONN.

H. B.

- No. 881.—Are Prof. Seeley, author of 'Ecce Homo,' and Prof. Seeley, of Cornell University, related to each other?
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

W. B. J.

- No. 882.—Who wrote, 'Time was made for slaves'?
WASHINGTON, D. C.

M. H. LANSDALE.

ANSWERS.

- No. 876.—You may state for the benefit of the inquirer that the 'Eugenie H.' to whom Mr. Hamerton dedicates his 'Intellectual Life,' is Mrs. Hamerton-née, Gindriez.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Jan. 31, 1885.

H. N. POWERS.

- No. 877.—The poem referred to can be found in a little volume, 'The Changed Cross,' published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
HARTFORD, CONN.

D. C. CAMP.

- No. 877.—I clipped the poem from a forgotten journal many years ago and it has since held a corner in my scrap-book. The lines were published simply as 'From the German,' but, if I mistake not, were from the pen of the late Bishop Doane. They ran as follows:

GOD'S ANVIL.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And in His hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into His own fair shape to beat it
With His great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And at His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And in His mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? For the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me;
So I say, trusting: As God will!
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all His heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master hand;
So I say, praying: As God will!
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

FAILING POWERS in one's later years often make the earning of a comfortable livelihood impossible, and fill one's old age with misery and apprehension. If, during the days of youth and vigor, a few dollars a year had been invested in the Endowment Policies of THE TRAVELLERS, of Hartford, Conn., a comfortable property would be in possession in middle-age, sufficient to remove all fear of want.